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A Letter and a Telegram.

"I don't never waste words," said old Mr. Brown, in a hard, drying voice, "and I ain't good at letter-writing, but I reckon this will cut it!"

"It's a pity you write it so hard, father," said his young daughter, trembling; "it'll hurt her to the heart; she didn't never mean to borrow that \$300, and then cheat you out of it."

"She didn't, eh? Then why hain't the money back in my pocket, safe and sound! It's a year last Christmas since she pestered me about it, and I hain't seen her nor hair on't yet; if that hain't a clear case of cheating, Fanny, I'll like to know what ye call it!"

The girl stopped churning a moment, and wiped a surreptitious tear from her eyelid before she answered:

"Call it nothing, father, but had luck when Sister Mary borrowed that money to lift the mortgage, she expected to pay it back; but you know as how Brother John he was took with the rheumatics, and the over-flow came, and the crop was ruined and then she couldn't pay; that's all, and God knows it's enough!"

"Twasn't my fault," snapped her father, fiercely, as he pounded on the kitchen table to give vent to his anger. "I never put it in the agreement to 'low for overflows, and rheumatics, and such like, and I never would ha' lent her the \$300 if it hadn't been for your sniffin' and pesterin'! And now ye hear gal, not another dime o' my earnings shall they ever smell, and I'll never forgive—"

The girl sprang up from the churn, crying, "No, father, don't say it—don't, don't say it, father; you'll be sorry some day when it's too late; besides you're a church member, you know!"

"You're right 'bout that," said Mr. Brown, perversely; "I'm a church member, and don't owe nary a person a red cent, and the Bible says, 'an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, and I'm going to have it!'"

He pounded the table again with his fists, after a fashion he had of wanting to pound something or somebody when he felt particularly aggressive. But the sound of his voice had scarcely died away, when there came a knock at the door, and one of those ominous, yellow envelopes, marked with the impress of the Western Union Telegraph Company, was handed in. Mr. Brown took it, and looked it over in a helpless kind of fashion before breaking the seal. "How much to pay," he asked the boy, and passed over to him the change with trembling hand; though it was characteristic of the man that even then, with the knowledge that the telegram must contain terrible news, he was careful to count the dimes as they dropped back into his pocket. Oh, those cruel telegrams! Do the company ever remorsefully count the breaking hearts that are left in the wake of their messengers? Mr. Brown was a hard man, and loved his money-bags over well, but somewhere beneath the rough outward crusts there was an abiding affection for his children that needed something like the stirring of the soil around the violet-beds, to loosen the selfish bonds, and give his love a human voice. And when he read these words, "Mary died this evening: come at once," a great, sudden anguish filled his breast, and silently handing the dispatch to Fanny, he walked from the kitchen and shut himself up in his own room, where years before death had made sunny visits. He did not cry out or fall, or make any sign that he was grief-stricken, but he was hurt to the soul, and a great remorse made him sick and faint. He had never put it in the agreement about sickness, overflows, and bad crops, as he had just said; neither had he "put it" that Mary, in her young blooming maroonhood days, should die—his first born? How could he bear it? And it was all the harder because of the cruel words he had uttered while she lay dead at home. Did he say he would never forgive her—did he really—really say that? Fanny had tried to stop him, and brought it to his mind that he was a "church member" and a Christian. As if a father ought to be merely a Christian to his own child. Why hadn't he given her the money? Might have done so five times over and never missed it. And the old man groaned remorsefully, as with these thoughts in his heart, his gaze wandered over the great fields where the cotton would soon be a shimmering, fleecy sea, bringing new treasures to his hoarded gains, and making no hearts happy save his own.

Those few, poor, stunted acres of John's and Mary's! Swamped by the overflow last spring, stock drowned, and John, wading waist deep, fighting with the waters, laid up with the rheumatics.

Suppose he had given 'em a thou-

sands dollars!

Oh, the sting of remembering evil when it is too late to turn evil into good. And then there was that unkind letter. Did his child read those cruel words with the dying light in her eyes, or would it be left for the stricken husband to be treated to the short, stern homily!

He went back to the kitchen, where Fanny sat crying over the telegram. "Look up the house," he said in a hurried way, for fear his voice would falter; "we'll go at once. I'll hitch up while ye get ready." And when they had started on their long journey he quite broke down in talking over the past and telling Fanny little things here and there that no one would have supposed he had remembered.

"Mary was allus a dutiful daughter," he said, putting into broken sentences the grief and remorse that overwhelmed him; "after her ma died, and she wasn't knee-high to a duck, she was like a second parent to the little uns; nussed 'em through the measles, and when they was well, took it herself, and laid as quiet on the bed for fear o' giving trouble as if she warn't a child."

He didn't tell her of how, when the second Mrs. Brown was installed as mistress, Mary became the drudge and maid of all-work, and was nurse to a half-dozen more little Browns, who, like their mother, ruled her with a rod of iron. Nor of Mary's marriage with a sturdy, young fellow, who, for the lack of a little timely help, and the pressure of a large family, was kept with his nose to the perpetual grindstone. He did not tell how Mary pinched and worked, and sat up till late hours, and struggled to help her family, until in consequence of doctor's bills and babies, and poor crops, John was forced to give a mortgage on his house, when her (the father) might have lifted them out of their poverty. He might even have given them a better home; the oldest inhabitant could not remember when the ugly, ramshackle affair had been built. Some ancient ancestors had put up a couple of rooms, then added on a few more, until, what with patching and propping up, John's inheritance was an offense to the eye. Mr. Brown thought bitterly of all this through the long journey. Too late, too late seemed written in words of fire on every tree and shrub. At last the house was in sight; a poor, miserable place enough, but now, in the month of June, sweet with climbing roses and honeysuckle that the mistress's hand had trained to the porch.

"Who-o-o, Dandy!" The children were in the yard; with a shout they ran to the gate, and as the old horse stopped, somebody rushed down the steps, and with a cry, "Why, father, why Fanny," Mary in her famous clean calico and apron, and cheeks like roses, with the pleasure and excitement of the visit, was in her father's arms—her father, who held her as he had never done before, and kissed her with the tears running down his face.

"My child," he said presently, "you were dead, and are alive again. Thank God!"

"Why, father?" questioned Mary again, "what on earth is the matter?" And she looked with frightened gaze at her sister, vaguely wondering if her father were stricken with some sudden insanity. For answer, Fanny drew out the telegram from her pocket, and gave it to Mary.

"It's all a wonderful mistake," exclaimed the elder woman, glancing it over, and hugging father and sister excitedly again. "We have a neighbor, Mrs. Mary Harris, who died last evening; she has a brother living somewhere near you, and by the way, his name is Brown—Richard Brown—your name father. They carried you the telegram instead of him. What a play he won't hear of it, so as to get there to the burying."

And so, between hysterical sobs and smiles, and everybody talking at once, and asking questions that no one dreamed of answering, they went in under the bower of roses and honeysuckle, and presently John hobbled from the field on crutches, and the story was told all over again.

And when Mary slipped out into the kitchen to get an early supper, old Mr. Brown followed her and there, and she was folded tight in her father's arms again, while the tears streamed down both their faces. It was as if she had been raised from the dead.

"My child," whispered the old man, "I hain't been the best of fathers to ye; I ha' shut my eyes and my heart when I ought to ha' been the one to help ye; never ye mind 'bout that money; don't ye say one word 'bout it, and we'll knock this old rattletrap down to-morrow, and I'll show ye how to build a house!"

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An Eel That Couldn't Be Held.

"Any one that lifts that eel out of the tank may have it," said Eugene Blackford to a crowd of persons who stood in Fulton Market before an open aquarium, watching a large eel moving gracefully about in the water. A hardy looking fisherman, who had probably caught many eels in his time, asked Mr. Blackford if he was in earnest, and being assured that the offer was made in good faith, he tucked up the sleeve of his pilot jacket, and after briefly explaining to the crowd the precise manner in which an eel should be grasped to prevent it gliding through the fingers, he plunged his hand into the water to practically illustrate how the thing was done. He seized the eel very artistically, but, with a sharp explosion of blasphemy he let it go again before he had brought it to the surface. The eel swam around indifferently. It had evidently grown accustomed to such experiences. The fisherman followed it with his eyes. "It stung me bad," was the only explanation he cared to offer to the wondering spectators. Just then a whistling boy came up, and looked at the eel because the others were looking at it.

"I don't see anything uncommon in him," he said, contemptuously. "I've ketches bigger ones than that."

"Say, Bob," said the fisherman, struck with an idea, "pick that eel out of the tank and follow me down South street with it, and I'll give you a quarter."

Without stopping to make any inquiries as to the legitimacy of the offer, the independent lad grasped the eel. He liberated it immediately, and uttered a yell that brought in the policeman who twirls his club just outside the fish market, to see what the matter was.

Later in the day many persons touched the eel and tested its curious powers. After the contact some shrieked, some laughed, and some looked frightened, but none essayed to meddle with it a second time. New comers continued to touch it, until Mr. Blackford, fearful that its vitality might be exhausted, put it into a high closed tank, and pasted this legend upon the glass: "Gymnotus, or electric eel." The tank contained several "hell benders," and the eel shocked them very much, and caused them to spring around in the liveliest manner. It was given to Fish Commissioner Blackford by Mr. Doland Barnes, who received it from the Amazon River. Capt. Bears brought it with him in the steamship Finance. It is rather a handsome creature, and a great point in its favor is that it keeps its mouth always shut, except at meal times, and seems to breathe through two rows of holes on its head and neck. It is about 24 feet long and rather disproportionately thick. It has a heavy fin, like the keel of a boat, running along the belly the entire length of the body. The throat is of orange color, and the head, though short and clumsy, is ornamented with two little flaps that look like ears. It can administer an electric shock as powerful as that of a small battery. A man touched it with a steel fish knife, and he felt the shock as forcibly as if he had touched it with his bare fingers.

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Young Featherly had dropped in for an evening call, and Bobby was enjoying the conversation and leading the laughter.

Incidentally, Bobby said: "Mr. Featherly, can water burn?"

"No, Bobby," replied Featherly, amazed at the question, "but it can be made very hot by boiling. What put that idea into your head?"

"Ma told sister that there was no danger of your ever setting the North river on fire."

An Oriental Smuggler.

"Of all smugglers," remarked the Custom House inspector, "I recommend to the Chinks and Japs. They've got more brains and originality than any other smugglers four times over. A few months ago a tea packet came in and I was assigned to it. Well, a friend of mine—a 'fend,' as they call 'em—gave me a tip that there was opium paste on board, which the sailors were going to smuggle ashore. You see, opium paste pays a duty of \$10 a pound. I was on the boat the moment she touched the pier and examined every sailor that went off. I hadn't been aboard a very long time when a Chinese grocery pedlar came down the wharf. He had a big open basket on his arm, in which there was green stuff and cans of tomatoes and such like. I didn't suspect him, but to be doubly sure I walked with him to the forecastle where he commenced to peddle off his truck. He sold the vegetables and counted the money carefully he got for them. Then he sold the cans of tomatoes for a quarter apiece. I thought he was rubbing it in: so I told 'em of 'em on the quiet they weren't worth more than a dime. The next moment the air was blue. They jumped up, fired the cans into his basket, shook their fists under his nose, and wanted their money back. He wouldn't give it to them, and they went for him. He was making a good fight when one of them drew a knife. I had a heavy cane in my hand, and I knocked the knife out of the fellow's hand and made the peddler go up the ladder and off the boat. He thanked me and went away talking Chinese, and as I supposed, cursing the crowd."

"A little while after, the sailors came up and wanted to go ashore. I searched every one of them, and found nothing. They hadn't been gone more than a half hour when the peddler came back. His eye was black, and his nose and mouth bloody and swollen. He said: 'Policeman, dam lobbie stealas foh, five can tomatoes. You heelp gettie back and takee bad man to station-house?' I felt sorry for the poor devil, and told him we'd go and search the forecastle for his property. We looked around five or ten minutes, and were about to give it up as a bad job, when we found them hidden away under a piece of old sail cloth. He popped them in his basket, shook hands and thanked me a dozen times, gave me a handful of good cigars, and then went away. Do you know on account of that licking he had got I never dropped that ricket at all? It was all a put-up job. He brought on board real cans of tomatoes; he took away tomatoes filled with opium paste. The sailors were in with him, and had put the real ones in their chests, and had replaced them with the smuggled stuff. There must have been thirty-five pounds, which meant a clear profit of \$350."

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A CURIOUS LEGEND.

BY A TRAVELER.

For years there stood upon the old Doren property, a good long distance from the kitchen door of the mansion, a queer stone well. It was of carved stone, with grotesque heads and faces on every side, and behind it the head and body of some fiendish-looking thing—a sort of satyr—it seemed—with such fierce expression in its carved eyes that all children were afraid of it. A rustic shed covered the well. Ivy crept over it, and half hid the stone face. And it was certainly a very picturesque object.

There had never been either windlass or sweep; only a chain fastened to the roof of the shed, to which the bucket was attached; but the water was always so high that it was very easy to draw it in this way.

In connection with this well, however, something very remarkable had occurred. In the year 1644, when the house was first occupied by the family, a young girl, Kathrine Doren by name, the youngest daughter of the house, had gone to the well in the edge of the evening to fill a pail. She never returned. Her friends went in search of her, and found the pail on the well's curb.

It was thought at first that she was drowned, but this was not the case. However, she was never seen again. Her friends fancied she had been murdered; strangers believed that she had eloped with some lover; but no one ever knew what became of Kathrine Doren.

Meantime, her niece, a child at the time, grew up, married, and had a daughter, whom she named Kathrine, after her lost aunt.

Forty years from the day on which the first Kathrine had disappeared, this second Kathrine, then seventeen years old, went in the gloaming of an autumn day to the stone well to fill a china pail.

Again the same thing happened; the pail was found on the well curb, and Kathrine was never seen again. The whole country was scourged; posters were pasted up in every town; advertisements inserted in every paper; but the mother died of grief without having heard any tidings of her daughter.

Since then, in every generation, the same thing had happened. Seven girls had gone to the well for water and never been seen since, and, strange enough, each had been named Kathrine.

Yet so skeptical are the people of today, that no one really believed all that was said; and it was thought in the neighborhood that the Dorens were a race given to elopement, and that the girls took advantage of the legend of the well.

In the year 1844 the old house was a crumbling edifice, that rocked in the wind when it blew strongly; and the widow of the last Doren, to whom it fell on the death of her husband's father, hesitated about taking up her abode there; but she was poor, and really had little choice. So to the old house she went, with her one daughter, Kathrine—a girl of eighteen, blue-eyed, golden-haired and bonny.

The widow had heard the story of the disappearance of the girls, but had scarcely believed it, and had never repeated it to her daughter. Kathrine was in utter ignorance of it, and of the well. She ran about the garden, discovering new beauties at every turn, and at last actually danced with delight before the old stone well.

"Like a well in an old fairy story, mamma," she exclaimed, as she described it. "It makes me feel as though we really ought to find an old castle somewhere to match it. Just the well for a trying-place."

"If I remember rightly, it has been an unlucky well enough for the Doren women," said the widow.

"Tell me the story, mother," cried Kathrine.

"No; idle tales like that are best untold," said the widow. "No doubt it is very good old water; but when you meet your sweetheart, I hope it won't be at the well, but under your mother's eyes, in the house here."

Kathrine laughed.

"The sweetheart must come first," she said; and began to help her mother to do the housework.

But she kept thinking of the well; and that evening, at dark, she took from the shelf in the kitchen a pitcher, quaint as the house itself, and without saying anything to her mother, ran down the garden path. It was two hundred years from the day on which her ancestor, the first lost Kathrine, has thus gone to the old stone well—two hundred years to the day and the hour, if this, the eighth Kathrine, had but known it. But she did not.

She tripped along to the well, swinging the old blue pitcher in her hand. She reached it, and bent over the curb. A dim reflection of her own face greeted her.

"How high the water is!" she said. "I can reach it with the pitcher," and bent lower still.

But, failing to reach the water, she set the pitcher on the curb, and caught the chain which held the bucket.

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On the instant it seemed to her that the stone satyr behind the fountain darted his head forward, and rolled his great eyes, and at the same instant strong hands seized her arms and dragged her downward.

The poor girl struggled and tried to scream. The water was in her eyes, her ears, and her mouth; the blood rushed to her head. Still the great hands held her, until suddenly she found herself leaving the water. She stood in a great cave of white stone, with stalactites hanging from the roof; and the thing that held her she could not see, for it was behind her.

The stalactites glittered like diamonds—they draped the entrance to another cave. This, however, as she was still pushed forward, she saw to be gorgeous with pearls and opals and sea gems of all sorts. In its midst, under a sparkling canopy, lay a beautiful young being, like a man, but more radiant, more splendid—a man whose eyes were jewels, whose teeth were pearls; whose lips were coral. He looked at her and smiled. And now for the first time the strange being who held her spoke.

"My prince," he said, "I bring you an eighth Kathrine."

And the girl, looking round, saw the stone features of the sculptured satyr behind the well.

"Kathrine!" repeated the being he addressed. "A pretty Kathrine, too—young, fresh, lovely. Katie, mine, welcome to my palace. All that you shall ask for can be yours, and you my queen."

There was a subtle power in his eyes. A strange mesmeric influence seemed to draw her towards him. It was like that with which the snake charms the bird.

But at the moment she heard a strange fluttering chorus of sighs, and looking about her, saw the figures of seven women, all old and bent, sitting at seven spinning-wheels. They seemed to be of stone; but as she looked they sighed again, and each turned into a white dove, that came fluttering towards her.

The breeze they made with their wings seemed to dispel the enchantment the man with the jewel-like eyes had cast about her.

"Let me go!" she cried. "In the name of Heaven, let me go home to my mother."

She forced herself into the outer cave, thence into the cold water of the well, calling on all the holy names she knew meanwhile.

Again her breath deserted her, the water rushed into her eyes and ears; but blindly feeling about, she caught the bucket that had dropped into the water after her. Above her, at the top of the well, the blessed blue sky was visible.

At that instant a head blotted it out. A man, a laborer, going home from his work, had paused there to drink; and the next moment she lay senseless and pallid on the grass beside the well.

When she came to herself she told her story. Some said that she had only had one of those visions which the drowning are said to have; and that the cold well had its source in some hidden cave, whither the water at times had power to draw any object on its surface; and some grew pale and shuddered, as they thought of the seven stone Kathrines at their stone spinning-wheels.

But the widow Doren never said what she thought; she only caused a mason to bring a great flag-stone to the well, cover it, cement it, and seal it up for ever.

A Genuine Mad-Stone.

Mr. Len Piles, a citizen of Sullivan county, is the owner of a mad-stone, says a letter from Vincennes, Ind. It is gray in color, full of pores, and almost as light as a piece of paper. It is a genuine mad-stone, and Mr. Piles keeps it wrapped in a piece of soft cloth. It was brought to the United States from Ireland many scores of years ago by Mr. Piles' ancestors. Great care has been taken of it, and it has been handed down from generation to generation. It is valued at \$400. Over 1,000 applications have been made by it. Two pieces of it were broken off, and are owned by parties in Louisville and Terre Haute. The record of the stone has been lost, however, as it has changed hands so many times. The stone has been in this country sixty years, and has never been known to fail to cure a mad dog bite, when properly applied. It has been in the Piles family for 200 years. The editor of a Sullivan paper says that parties who have been bitten by dogs living 150 miles distant from Sullivan have been brought to this wonderful stone and cured. The stone looks the same now as fifty years ago.

NOTICE.—The new Process Roller Flour, manufactured by J. B. Fisher, Penn Hall, is for sale at D. S. Kauffman & Co's new store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.

LOCAL NEWS.

—Autumn is here.
—SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL.
—Cold breezes after Sunday's rain.
—Five issues of the JOURNAL in this month.
—The boys are up to the chestnut racket just now.
—The marriages are not quite as plenty as heretofore.
—For Boots & Shoes, and Rubber Goods, KAUFFMAN'S store leads off.
—Preaching in the Luth. church by Rev. Deitzler next Sunday evening.
—Boys—we have a full supply of Fur Caps. D. S. KAUFFMAN & Co.
—The rain on Friday put a temporary stop to outside building operations.
—The work on the new buildings, corner of Main and Penn. street, goes on.
—Mrs. S. T. Frain and son, Lewis, returned from Harrisburg last Saturday.
—Mr. Thomas, of Lewisburg, was seen in town last week with several organs.
—The husking of the large corn crop throughout this state is going on at present.
—It is said that oysters will be much better in quality this year than they were last year.
—The new schedule of the L. & T. Railroad may be found in another column of this paper.
—Miss Reese, is spending a few weeks in town on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Geo. Buck.
—Mrs. Anna Kline, of Lock Haven has been a visitor at C. W. Albright's for the last week.
—Mrs. Brumgart has gone to the city to purchase her fall and winter stock of millinery goods.
—Since the first of October the work of the "Bull Band" (as the boys style it) has greatly diminished.
—Miss Little Deinger has departed for York, Pa. to spend a week's visit with her sister, Mrs. John Thomas.
—The rail mill at Milton is being enlarged and furnished with new machinery. That looks like better times.
—Rev. W. H. Schoch and wife, of Jersey Shore, were the guests of the lady's brother, S. D. Musser, over Sunday.
—Mr. and Mrs. F. Catherman, of North Street, are expected back from their western trip some time next week.
—Arnica & Oil Liniment is the best remedy known for stiff joints. For sale by J. Spigelmyer, and D. S. Kauffman & Co.
—S. L. Strohecker, of Rebersburg, advertises a good home near Millheim, at private sale. See legal advertisements.
—The dry goods counters of our stores are besieged at present by the fair sex selecting and buying their fall fineries.
—George A. Harter was seen hobbling around on crutches a few days last week. A sprained ankle caused the trouble.
—W. C. Duck, of near Millheim, trapped into a nail the other day, which makes him limp and gives him considerable pain.
—On Saturday, October 24th, Mrs. Lydia A. Frank will sell at her residence in Aaronsburg some valuable personal property. See bills.
—Michael F. Hess gives notice in another column that he is administrator for the estate of Sarah Hess, deceased, late of Haines township.
—H. E. Duck, administrator of the estate of Michael Ney, will sell the personal property of the decedent, on the premises at Aaronsburg, on Saturday, Oct. 17.
—Children's sale on Saturday afternoon, was largely attended notwithstanding the damp weather. Mr. and Mrs. Coudren left for Philadelphia on Monday morning.
—Go to Mauck's furniture store on Penn. street if you are in need of furniture. They are constantly ordering elegant furniture and are selling it at prices to suit the times.
—Rev. J. A. Earnest, of Millburg, delighted his large audience in the Lutheran church at this place, by one of his deep and highly elevating sermons last Sunday evening.
—That wide-awake and reliable daily, the Harrisburg Patriot under its new managing editor, W. P. Hastings, continues to be one of the best papers of its kind in the state.
—NEVER NEGLECT a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results surely follow, such as piles, impure blood, and many chronic complaints. Burdock Blood Bitters.
—All indications point to a rapid completion of the new Evangelical church on Penn. street. The brick-work is being painted and pencilled, and the interior is ready for the plasterers.

—Mrs. Mary Neff, after several weeks' visit to her father and sister at this place, departed for her home in Perry county, on this morning's train.
—The new stone crossing at the Lutheran church is a boss job. But then it was built by that boss mason, John M. Road, who understands his trade in every particular.
—The history of Down's Elixir is identified with the history of New England for the last fifty years. It cures coughs and colds. For sale by J. Spigelmyer and D. S. Kauffman & Co.
—Another one of the shade trees on Main street was cut down on Monday. Dr. Gutelius done away with the old locust tree in front of his premises, which somewhat obscured his residence.
—Quincy troubled me for twenty years. Since I started using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, have not had an attack. The Oil cures sore throat at once." Mrs. Letta Conrad, Standish, Mich.
—Costiveness is the cause of the intolerable "bad breath" of multitudes. Bitters remove the cause and prevent the evil, and cost only 25 cents.
—For sale by J. Spigelmyer and D. S. Kauffman & Co.
—Mrs. Anna M. Weaver had a sudden and severe attack of sickness on Wednesday evening of last week, compelling her to retire to her bed. Glad to say how far that she was able to be about in a few days.
—Bellefonte has a new enterprise in the form of a book bindery, in connection with the Centre Democrat. John D. Lingle, an experienced mechanic from the Harrisburg Patriot bindery has charge of the department.
—We are sorry to hear that our townsman, Wm. Weiser, is afflicted with an abscess in his bowels preventing him to work at his trade for the last six weeks. At times his disease becomes so painful that he is compelled to take to his bed.
—A few slight errors occurred in two of Rev. B. Hengst's marriage notices last week—Milford H. Gharet, of Booneville, should have read of Logan Mills; and the lady's name who married D. S. Currin of Booneville is Jennie E. Lee, instead of Nancy Lee.
—PLEASE SETTLE.—The undersigned wishes all persons who are in any way indebted to him to settle their accounts forthwith, as he intends to close his books within three weeks from date.
D. H. MINGLE.
Millheim, Oct. 8th, '85.
—Rev. Benj. Hengst left for Williamsport on Friday near which place he assisted in dedicating a church on Sunday. He returned on Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs. Hengst, who had been spending several weeks at Lewisburg, with her daughter, Mrs. Forster.
Hay Fever Specific.
I FOUND IT a specific for Hay Fever. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost. Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found.—Frank B. Ainsworth, of F. B. Ainsworth & Co., Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind. 36-41
—We were only able to attend one session of the Central Penna. Synod at Rebersburg, on Saturday evening, when we had the good fortune to listen to an excellent sermon of Rev. Charles Steck, of Bellefonte. The gentleman is a fine orator and possesses unusual illustrative powers.
—ESTRAY.—A cow belonging to John Beaver, of Aaronsburg, went estray over two months ago. She is of a light red color, with large white spots and her horns were bored near her head shortly before she went away. Information thankfully received, and all expenses paid by the owner.
—Many forget that the hair and scalp need cleansing as well as the hands and feet. Extensive use of Ayer's Hair Vigor has proven that it is the best cleansing agent for the hair—that it prevents as well as removes dandruff, cools and soothes the scalp, and stimulates the hair to renewed growth and beauty.
—MITE SOCIETY.—The ladies of the Luth. Mite Society will have a special meeting next Monday evening for the purpose of transacting important business. All the ladies of the congregation are urged to be present as the business on hand concerns all.
By order of the society.
MARY A. HARTER, Pres.
HANDSOME DRESS GARMENTS.—We take special pride in our Clothing and Ladies Wraps Department. By judicious selection and reasonable prices we have built up a large trade in this line of goods, yet we never were able to show and sell goods to as big an advantage as we are this season. Our exceedingly low figures in Stylish Overcoats, Men's fine Dress Suits, Ladies' Cloaks, &c., will astonish you. Please call.
D. S. KAUFFMAN & Co.
—DRUGGISTS all report a rapid and steadily increasing demand for McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powder. There is no secret or trick about their popularity. It is solely because people have become convinced through trial or hearing their neighbors say that they are the best and easiest to take vermifuge ever produced. Nasty-sickening, old-fashioned wormed syrups won't sell. People demand McDonald's Celebrated Worm powder, and won't have anything else, hence their sales are greater than all the other vermifuges combined. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

COME, YE NIMRODS!—Besides our already large stock of Double-barreled Guns and Winchester Rifles we just received a fine lot of single-barreled shotguns. D. S. KAUFFMAN & Co.
—Dr. J. F. Harter razed the old log shanty on his premises. It makes a decided improvement and after the doctor has converted the empty space into a green yard the old home will look quite presentable.
—A peculiar virtue in Ayer's Sarsaparilla is that while it cleanses and purges the blood from all impurities and impurities, and thereby rids out diseases, it builds up and invigorates the whole system, and makes one young again.
—B. K. Focht, editor of the Lewisburg Saturday News, was mobbed Tuesday (Sept. 29) on the Milton base ball grounds on account of an article which appeared in his paper reflecting on the base ball club and the people of Milton. Serious injury would have been inflicted upon him had he not been taken from the grounds under protection.—Sunbury Democrat.
—In a recent issue we mentioned the serious illness of one of W. N. Auman's children. We are sorry to state that the little girl died last Saturday night, being in her third year of age. We offer our sincere sympathies to the bereaved parents. The funeral took place at 9 o'clock on Tuesday forenoon, from the house, and the remains were interred in the Lutheran cemetery at Aaronsburg, Rev. Deitzler officiating.
—Maj. J. B. Fisher, of Penn. Hall, is absent from home this week. He is in Philadelphia purchasing a full and complete stock of fall and winter goods, which will be opened during the latter part of next week and which he proposes to offer at bottom prices. Will not be undersold.
He also expects to attend the State Miller's Convention which will open at Bethlehem on Tuesday, the 13th instant.
—A special dispatch to Monday's Patriot states that a number of capitalists from Philadelphia proposed purchasing the iron ore beds in Centre County for \$400,000 and erect a large blast furnace with a capacity of 100 tons per day. But when they came to negotiate with the railroad companies about the cost of freights, it was found to be so high that the capitalists could not pretend to manufacture profitably and abandoned the enterprise. These tyrannical railroad corporations seem to have a powerful way and hindering influence on many of the industries of this state. When this power can be broken once, it may be said that much has been accomplished.
—At a special meeting of the town council on Monday evening, Oct. 5th, the following resolution was unanimously passed:
Be it resolved by the town council of the borough of Millheim, that the unoccupied ground on the north side of the mill race, from lot of G. W. Harter to lot of Henry Weiser, having been in use for more than twenty-one years, the same has become a public alley by use, and we do hereby declare the same as such and any obstruction placed there by erecting buildings, fences, &c. are considered a nuisance and the parties trespassing upon the same must abide the consequences resulting therefrom.
—The Convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society closed on last Wednesday evening. The afternoon session was opened by a musical matinee conducted by the choir which was excellent and gave evidence of careful drill and cultivated taste. It was followed by the reading of reports of the officers of the society and a few appropriate remarks by Rev. Earnest, of Millburg and Rev. Clutz, of Baltimore. After the benediction the interesting memorial services were held over the grave of Mrs. Susan Gottwald. On this occasion seven little flower girls decorated the last sleeping place of the revered lady and Miss Puella E. Dornblaser read a suitable chapter from the Bible. Mrs. Julia A. W. Deinger then read a well-composed life sketch of the deceased in her distinct and pleasing manner. Dr. Luther Gottwald followed by a few affecting and touching words about his honored mother, and there were but few of his hearers who had not tears in their eyes. The singing of that beautiful hymn—"When shall we meet again"—ended these exercises.
The evening session was opened with prayer by Rev. Earnest and a select anthem by the choir. The principal address of the evening was made by Rev. J. A. Clutz, editor of the Home Mission Department in the Missionary Journal, Baltimore, Md. The gentleman proved himself to be a ready speaker, who handles his subject, which is invariably "Missions," with great ease and succeeds in interesting his audience in an unequalled way. He made some very strong points in favor of mission work and furnished his hearers with some valuable and rich information.
Several collections were lifted resulting in a nice sum to swell the treasury of the organization. The attendance throughout was very good and as a whole the convention may be counted as a grand success. In this connection we ought to mention yet that the decorations of the church by the ladies of Aaronsburg deserve much praise for design and taste.

POULTRY.—In using the Simons Liver Regulator with my chickens, take a package, mix it with the dough, and feed it to them once a day. By this treatment I have never lost from chicken cholera or gapes a single chicken in the last five years. T. G. BACON, Edgefield, S.C.
—Mr. Millard Mechtly and Mr. Rigel, of Snyder County, called at this office on Tuesday afternoon. They were on their homeward, having just finished the brick work of the Lutheran church at Centre Hall. As a brick layer Mr. Mechtly is hard to beat and in the last few years he built eight churches and several large store and dwelling houses in this county.
—ALL ABOUT KANSAS. Its people, crops, weather, lands, schools, legislature, railroads, markets, its politics, its development, the trial of Prohibition and its future, will be found in THE WEEKLY CAPITAL AND FARMER'S JOURNAL, an 8-page, 66-column paper, published at the capital of the State, sent six months for 50 cents, one year for \$1.00. Address J. K. Hudson, Topeka, Kansas. 38-31
THE SYNOD OF CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA.
A District Synod of the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church of America met in its 31st annual convention in the Lutheran church at Rebersburg, Pa., September 30th, 7:30 p. m., Rev. F. Aurand, pastor. On account of continued illhealth of the President, Rev. E. Berry, of Millburg, Pa., the opening sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Biemensnyder, of Lewisburg, Pa., from Ps. 37:29.
The synod is composed of 33 pastors, which were all represented. There were present 31 ministers and 27 delegates.
Thursday morning and afternoon were devoted to the business of the synod. The election of officers for the ensuing year in the forenoon resulted as follows: Rev. J. K. Miller, Logansville, Pa., President; Rev. L. C. McConnell, of Yorktown, Millin Co., Secretary; Rev. W. H. Diven, Salona, Treasurer. At the afternoon session, Mr. H. S. Boner, Supt. of the Lutheran Publication House, Philadelphia, addressed the synod in the interests of the Publication Society, pointing out its benefits to the church, stating its remarkable success, and presenting its claims upon the synods, churches and sabbath schools. A large congregation gathered in the evening, when Rev. L. A. Gotwald, D. D., delivered a plain, practical and pointed address on church extension, and Rev. J. A. Clutz, of Baltimore, secretary of the Board of Home Missions spoke in his usual earnest and forcible way of the work in and the needs of the Home Mission field. The work, he said, indicates great success all along the line and the great demand is for more laborers.
The day sessions of Friday were taken up with the business of the synod, and in the evening Rev. C. E. Keller, of Salona, preached a sermon on an educated ministry, based upon Paul's exhortations to Timothy.
On Saturday the question of reestablishing the Ministerium occupied synod the greater part of the day. Synod decided its reestablishment. In the afternoon services preparatory to the Lord's supper were held. Rev. W. B. Glending, of Lock Haven, preached the sermon. In the evening a large congregation gathered to hear Rev. Chas. Steck, of Bellefonte. Rev. Steck took for his subject "Reconciliation with God through Jesus Christ," making it clear and appealing with power that it might be personally affected for all.
Synodical communion was held on Sabbath morning at which Rev. A. C. Felker, of New Berlin, spoke in the English and Rev. J. G. Anspach, of Millburg, in the German language. The services were impressive and profitable and the communion large. Revs. W. D. E. Scott, of Loysville, Rev. H. A. Letterman, of Beaver Springs, and A. K. Felton, of Pine Grove Mills, Pa., addressed the children's meeting in the afternoon. In the evening Rev. Romig was ordained to the Gospel ministry. Rev. A. K. Miller preached the sermon.
The work of the synod during the past year has been greatly blessed. Many have been added to the church, and the synod now 7321 communicant members. The benevolence of the churches, an important factor of pure and undefiled religion, is growing. Synod has 13 candidates for the ministry. The services were well attended throughout and the interest seemed unabated to the end. All seemed to feel that it was good to be there.
REPORTER.
—EMINENT PHYSICIANS connected with the principle hospitals throughout the United States report very gratifying and satisfactory results from the use of McDonald's Great Blood Purifier in all cases of vitiated blood, emaciated condition, enfeebled digestive power, malassimilation of food, &c. But few diseases can withstand its remarkable purifying, tonic, and reconstructive power. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.
How to Get Rich.
It may be safely said that the reason why there is so much misery and financial embarrassment is because too many people are not prudent in their expenditures. To be able to make money seems to be the boast of both the learned and unlearned alike, but the way to save and practice true economy, which is the basis of all national and individual wealth, seems not to be fully understood. A dollar saved is a dollar earned, and if you want to appear in a first-class stylish suit and overcoat and save money, go to D. S. Kauffman & Co's store on Main street, where you will find a full line of Ready-made Clothing, also Dry Goods, Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots & Shoes of every description. In short it is the place for anything that is kept in a first-class general mercantile establishment and our prices on all goods are astonishingly low and will save you many a penny on every dollar. Go and see their stock before purchasing elsewhere.
—McDonald's Improved Liver Pills secure a healthy liver, regularity of the bowels, good digestion, sound sleep, clear head, and an active energetic mind. No constipation, no biliousness, no jaundice, no sick headache or torpidity of liver or kidneys possible, when occasional doses of these pills are used. All druggists keep them. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

Neighboring News.

AARONSBURG
The chestnut crop will be large this fall.
Ira Gramley says it's a little girl.
The entertainment in the Reformed church by the ladies of the Mite society was a general surprise. Ladies, you must advertise more extensively, if you wish to make your entertainments a success.
The Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Convention is over. A partial good feeling is the result. Of course, there is always a diversity of opinion at such meetings. A large portion of our oldest citizens think a special part of the exercises were inappropriate. Hon. or to whom honor is due. Our attention was particularly given to the excellent music rendered by the choir.
Solly Winkleblich was quite fidgety last week, when he found that one of our preachers had wedded his son William, who is not yet out of his teens, to one of our town girls. Solly was going to make it red hot for the preacher, but after seeing our J. P. he took his good advice and dropped the matter.
Quite a number of our town folks had intended to go to the Lutheran Synod at Rebersburg, Pa., on last Sabbath, but the inclement weather invited them to stay at home.
The Rev. Reimensnyder, of Lewisburg, gave us a 50-minute sermon on last Sunday evening. The audience generally was well pleased with the discourse. Rev. W. H. Schoch, of Jersey Shore, assisted in the opening services.
We noticed Jacob M. Stover, of the Selingsgrove Seminary in town on Sunday evening. He returned on the early Monday morning train, no doubt anxious to see his wife and wee little baby. One more year and Jake will make his debut as full fledged preacher. ANOTHER.
SMITH TOWN.
The chestnut season is upon us and most of us enjoy the abundant crop.
Last week J. W. Snook's brickmakers passed through here on their way to Millheim, with their engine and brickmachine. It took twelve horses to pull the train.
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Duck were to Rebersburg last week attending Synod. Some of our folks are already taking down their winter apples.
Mrs. Shatzer sold her lot east of her house for \$30, and a cow for \$20, both to Charles Frankenberg.
Miss Cronse, who had been staying at William Stover's is working at Henry Keen's now.
Wm. Stover was off to Brushy Valley in search of a teacher for the pike school.
The writer is sorry that he could not be present at Miss Lizzie Keen's jolly party the other day. JUMBO.
COBURN.
Storm interfered with our correspondence the last two times.
Chestnuts are the go now for our boys.
Jumbo potatoes are being exhibited in our stores. They reach the "weight of 24 pounds."
The other week tramps entered the spring house of Sam. Ard and helped themselves to almost a whole calf. They demolished things pretty badly. By the strength of an angler they gained admittance, having taken that instrument from Jacob Moyer's mill.
The colored camp has left, but "Ho, I'll be there," and "The Gospel train" are still the favorite songs with our people.
Potatoes are being shipped in large quantities.
The husking fever has taken a hold of our farmers.
Our nimrods were out already after venison. Result: "Empty guns and weary gunners."
There is so much serenading going on in our town, we can hardly keep track of it all.
—OCTOBER is a good month for merchant to examine their stock of Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine and include a winter's supply in their next order. The people have found out by experience that it can be relied on in all cases of cough, whooping-cough, colds, and lung troubles of any nature, and will have it. A good article draws trade while worthless preparations drive it away. It should be a source of satisfaction to a dealer as well, to know he is giving good honest value for money received. Money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.
DIED.
On the 3d inst., at Millheim, Otille A., daughter of W. N. and Mary K. Auman, aged 2 years 4 months and 19 days.
LEWISBURG & TYRONE AND BELLEFONTE, NITTANY & LEMONT RAILROADS.
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
LEAVE WESTWARD.
1 3 5 7 9
Leave. a. m. p. m. p. m. p. m. p. m.
Montandon 6:50 9:20 10:15 1:35 6:05
Lewisburg 6:30 9:00 10:05 1:50 6:20
Fair Ground 6:35 9:05 10:10 2:00 6:25
Bellefonte 6:40 9:10 10:15 2:10 6:30
Vicksburg 6:45 9:15 10:20 2:15 6:35
Millburg 6:50 9:20 10:25 2:20 6:40
Millmont 6:55 9:25 10:30 2:25 6:45
Laurelton 7:00 9:30 10:35 2:30 6:50
Coburn 7:05 9:35 10:40 2:35 6:55
Siding Spring 7:10 9:40 10:45 2:40 7:00
Centre Hall 7:15 9:45 10:50 2:45 7:05
Greene 7:20 9:50 10:55 2:50 7:10
Oak Hall 7:25 9:55 11:00 2:55 7:15
Lemont 7:30 10:00 11:05 3:00 7:20
Bellefonte 7:35 10:05 11:10 3:05 7:25
Arrive a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m.
LEAVE EASTWARD.
2 4 6 8 10
Leave. a. m. a. m. a. m. a. m. a. m.
Bellefonte 7:40 10:10 11:15 3:10 7:30
Lemont 7:45 10:15 11:20 3:15 7:35
Oak Hall 7:50 10:20 11:25 3:20 7:40
Greene 7:55 10:25 11:30 3:25 7:45
Centre Hall 8:00 10:30 11:35 3:30 7:50
Vicksburg 8:05 10:35 11:40 3:35 7:55
Millburg 8:10 10:40 11:45 3:40 8:00
Millmont 8:15 10:45 11:50 3:45 8:05
Laurelton 8:20 10:50 11:55 3:50 8:10
Coburn 8:25 10:55 12:00 3:55 8:15
Siding Spring 8:30 11:00 12:05 4:00 8:20
Centre Hall 8:35 11:05 12:10 4:05 8:25
Greene 8:40 11:10 12:15 4:10 8:30
Oak Hall 8:45 11:15 12:20 4:15 8:35
Lemont 8:50 11:20 12:25 4:20 8:40
Bellefonte 8:55 11:25 12:30 4:25 8:45
Arrive. a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m.
An additional train leaves Lewisburg for Montandon at 7:25 p. m., returning leaves Montandon for Lewisburg at 7:45 p. m.
CHAS. F. FUGER, Gen'l Mgr.
General Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

THE GREAT
SIMMONS
LIVER
REGULATOR
FOR
LIVER
DISEASE.

SYMPTOMS: Bitter or bad taste in mouth with a brown fur; pain in the back, sides, or joints—often mistaken for Rheumatism; near stomach; loss of appetite; sometimes nausea and waterbrash, or indigestion; jaundice and acid eructations; bowels alternately constipated and lax; headache; loss of memory, with a painful sensation of having failed to do something which ought to have been done; debility; low spirits; a thick, yellow appearance of the skin and eyes; a dry cough; fever; restlessness; the urine is scanty and high-colored, and, if allowed to stand, deposits a sediment.

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR,
PURELY VEGETABLE,
AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC FOR
Malaria, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Dropsy, Sick Headache, Colic, Nausea, Mental Depression, Biliary Complaints, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Is generally used in the South to arouse the Torpid Liver to a healthy action.
It acts without disturbing the system, diet or occupation. It regulates the Liver, and causes the bile to act as the purge. The excess of bile removed has the effect of producing health and is perfectly restored.
The Regulator is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant. For all diseases in which a laxative, cathartic or purgative is needed it will give the most perfect satisfaction. The Cheapest, Purest and Best Family Medicine in the World.

THERE IS BUT ONE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR!
See that you get the genuine, with the red Z on front of wrapper, prepared only by
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,
SOLE PROPRIETORS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

An Efficient Remedy
In all cases of Bronchial and Pulmonary Affections is AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. As such it is recognized and prescribed by the medical profession, and in many thousands of families, for the past forty years, it has been regarded as an invaluable household remedy. It is a preparation that only requires to be taken in very small quantities, and a few doses of it administered in the early stages of a cold or cough will effect a speedy cure, and may, very possibly, save life. There is no doubt whatever that
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Has preserved the lives of great numbers of persons, by arresting the development of Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and Pulmonary Consumption, and by the cure of those dangerous maladies. It should be kept ready for use in every family where there are children, as it is a medicine far superior to all others in the treatment of Croup, the alleviation of Whooping Cough, and the cure of Croup, and Influenza, ailments peculiarly incidental to childhood and youth. Promptitude in dealing with all diseases of this class is of the utmost importance. The loss of a single day may, in many cases, entail fatal consequences. Do not waste precious time in experimenting with medicines of doubtful efficacy, while the malady is constantly gaining a deeper hold, but take at once the speediest and most certain to cure,
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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An elegant octavo volume of 72 pages—50 illustrations. Price \$2.00. This work gives a full account of Grant's eventful life, including his military career, his life as President, and his renowned Trip Around the World. Every admirer of the Nation's Hero will desire this, the best selling life of Grant. Send 50 cents at once for outfit. **Park Pub. Co.,** Hartford, Conn. 32-41

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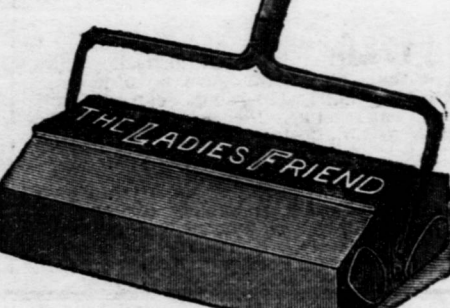
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